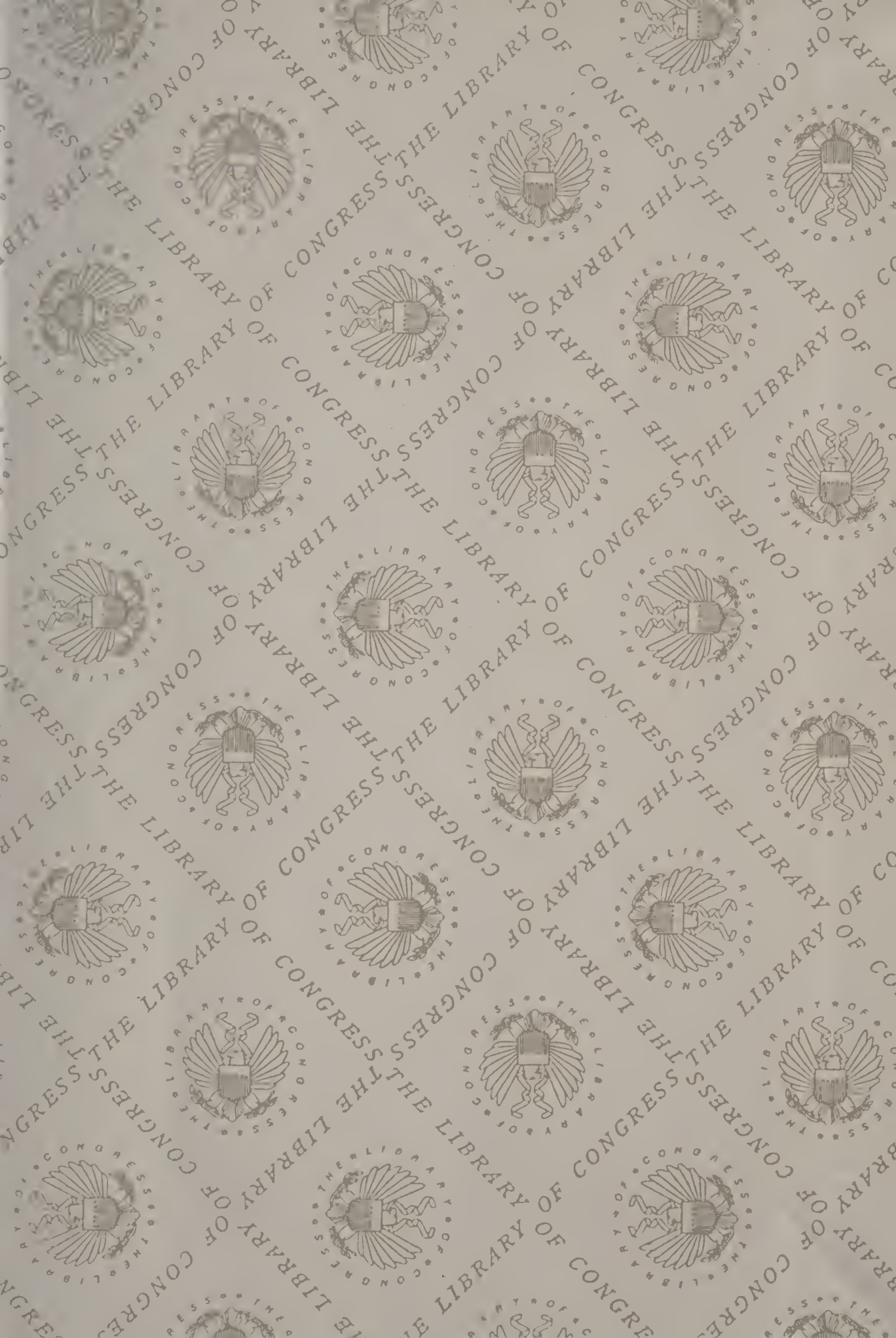
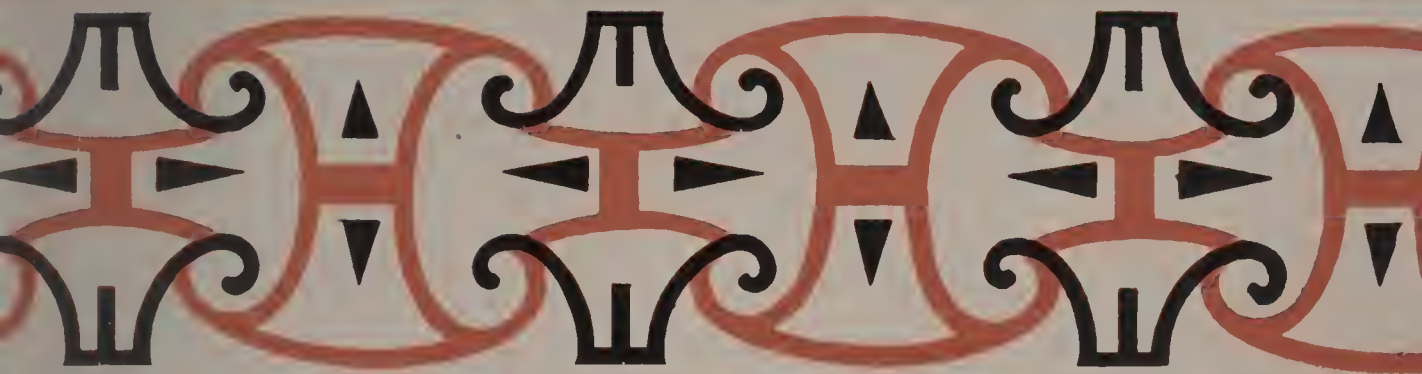


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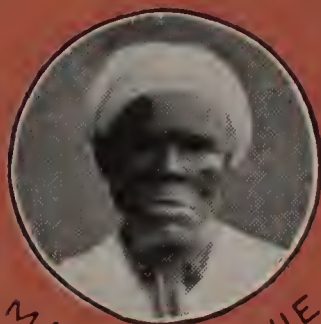
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MY MISS NANCY



MAMMY VEENIE





"Well," replied mammy, "de worl' is callin' my Miss Nancy Lady Astor now, but she warn't no lady 'twell she ma'ied de lord frum de tuther side— She wuz jes' plain Nannie Langhorne!"

MY MISS NANCY

MY MISS NANCY

NANCY ASTOR'S VIRGINIA "MAMMY"
TELLS WHY "HER LITTL' MISTIS
AIN'T NEBER GWINE LOSE
HER 'SITION OBER DAR
IN INGLAN'."



By RUBY VAUGHAN BIGGER

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S. W. I., May 20, 1924.

I loved reading your little story and appreciate it very highly. It made me weep copiously, especially the part about my dear Aunt Veenie.

It is charming!

You know perfectly well I am just like hundreds of other women in Virginia.

Believe me,

Ever yours,

Ann Blair

The Story Of The Story.

SOME of the happiest days of my childhood were spent at my grandfather's estate in Hanover County, surrounded by his loyal family servants—all Southern negroes, to whom I was affectionately known as "Little Mistis".

I was constantly aware of their loyalty, and tenderness, and day after day, and night after night, I was crooned to sleepy-land in the shelter of my Mammy's arms, to—

*Swing low, sweet Cha-ri-ot,
Comin' fer to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet Cha-ri-ot,
Comin' fer to carry me home.*

Mammy, dear to the hearts of all Southerners—both young and old, belongs to a fast vanishing type, who are rapidly becoming mere tradition, and in their passing, the entire Southland is losing something very precious and vital. A little later, they will be considered myths.

In my eagerness to keep alive this love, loyalty and respect for "we-all's" white folks and the white folk's care and devotion for them, I have written this little story, fresh from the hills of Albemarle, from the lips of Mammy Veenie (Lady Aster's very own Virginia mammy).

She knew her as the golden haired Nannie Langhorne of Mirador, who sits today among the law-makers of one of the world's greatest parliaments, numbered among the notable women of her century, but to Mammy Veenie, she will ever be,—“My Miss Nancy.”

To you, whose happiest hours have been spent in the shelter of *your* Mammy's arms, surrounded by her tender care, I dedicate this little story.—THE AUTHOR.

FOREWORD

THIS is a true story. Lady Astor, famous as the first woman to sit in the British Parliament, was born and raised in old Virginia. The place where she spent her childhood is much as it was then, and many of the same servants live nearby. In this story Lady Astor's "Mammy" tells of her as she was in her somewhat tomboyish and tumultuous childhood.

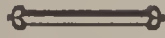


"Dey could trus' her ole black Mammy fer ter treat her good, dey said."

B. B. Valentine,

"Mammy's Charge."

MY MISS NANCY



HONEYSUCKLE! I couldn't decide whether it was the overpowering sweetness of the honeysuckle or a strangely reminiscent mood into which I had drifted, that caused me to take the solitary path up the mountain side in Albemarle county near Greenwood, Virginia.

I rode through the cool, green woods, pushing aside the dense foliage, taking care that Dimple's heavy foot did not crush the brilliant rhododendron that clustered 'round her. With each step my indecision grew. Was it the intoxicating sweetness of the honeysuckle and mountain ivy, or was it the craving

for a fleeting glimpse of the oldtime Virginia, of which I had so long heard and dreamed, that made me climb higher and higher?

Reasoning, I told myself that, in the end, I would only find a huge clump of honeysuckle, such as grew on the summer-house at Greenwood, and that there was no more old Virginia. Mammies and Colonels and old romantic figures, which have dwelt in the minds of every Southerner, I knew lived in imagination only; I would ride back to join the rest of the gay house party, to a supper served on a dull, old mahogany table, set with faintly glowing candles and glistening silver, and served by a pompous old butler.

A fallen tree across my path made me

stop. "How foolish," I thought, "to go on this wild goose chase! The sun is sinking, and I must get back to dress for supper."

But just at this moment I saw four dancing white eyes and some very shiny white teeth. In the thick woods, over-grown with pale, mountain laurel, I thought I had stumbled upon two little Goblins. Then I heard a deep, mellow voice breaking the peace of the mid-summer afternoon, only marked so far by the hum of the golden-legged bees and, now and then, the faint ring of a distant cow-bell.

There was a rustling of the bushes, and the Goblins scampered away. I rode on, Dimple's feet moving cautiously along the unbroken path. Sud-

denly I came upon a picture which made me rub my eyes and caused me to slip noiselessly from the saddle and throw Dimple's bridle over a near-by tree, while I tip-toed nearer.

A tiny cabin, nestling among many shrubs, with tall rose holly-hocks at the sides, and china-asters;—a rambler running over the rickety porch of the cabin of logs and mortar, looking ages old, and the paling-fence surrounding it, as white as the daisies that ran riotously over the fields below, while the music from the mocking-birds and thrush filled the air. Around a rough hewn table, in an old hickory chair, sat a black mammy, with her white hair sticking out beneath her bandanna, and 'round her, on boxes, bearing



Mammy Veenie, in her cabin home, near "Mirador," surrounded by her chilluns an' her gran'chilluns."

assorted labels, sat many little pickaninnies, with kinky plaits and round, white eyes.

There were too many grandchildren to remember each child's birthday separately, so Mammy Veenie, when the "watermillions" were sweetest, celebrated "all de birfdays wid one big feas'." Roses fell out of a discarded fruit jar on the table. Every little darky, gallavanting and prancing, was assigned a huge chunk of luscious, cold watermelon.

"Chilluns," said she, "Yawl am Mammy Veenie's blessed gran'chilluns! She lubs you ev'y one, an' 'cordin' ter custum, she gwine celebrate all yo' birfdays. Now de fus' thing I'se gwine

fer ter do, is ter 'cite you a story, de one yawls lubs de ve'y bes'."

"Tar Baby?" "Miss Nancy?" or "Br'er Rabbit?" she questioned. "Miss Nancy!" they all with one accord bawled; "Miss Nancy!"

"Well, I jes natchly fotch her pitcher, 'cause I sorter s'picion yawl would 'lect her,—jes' shows yo' Maw raise yo' corec'."

Now Aunt Veenie was never happier than when narrating tales of family life at "Mirador," the country seat for many years of the Langhorne family, in whose employ she had long been.

"Lawd, chilluns, I 'clar, dem po' critters dat ain't neber heah 'bout Mirador-in-Albemarle, 'n Marse Chilly, 'n Miss Nannie, 'n dem man'able' perlit'

chillun, Miss Lizzie, 'n Miss Irene, 'n Miss Nancy, 'n Miss Phyllis, 'n Miss Nora, an' dem sprightly Langhorne bucks 'n dey gwines-on, dey sho' is got sum'pin' ter lib fer. Ter begin wid, 'tain't no mo' folks 'zactly lek my ole Cun'l 'n my ole Mistis, Miss Nannie; an' is yawl 'quainted wid de fac' dat dar ain't nary nigger f'um one end o' dis heah county ter de tuther, dat done fail, at sum 'ticular time, ter s'cure holp, close fer-ter-war, or sum'pin' frum dem noble white folks? Dey is big bugs, dey is!"

"Dear Miss Nancy," she said in most endearing tones, "done muther'd ev'yt'ing libin' 'roun dis part de country, an' as fer de Cun'l, de Lawd hisself onlies' knows what he ain't done

fer all o' us po' critters in Albemarle!
An' de county dis minit am runnin'
ober wid Chilly Langhorne—an' dey
is pow'ful proud o' dey name, too!

“Duz you know, Grober Clebelan’—
h’ist yo’ galluses, Suh!—when yo’ paw
wuz ’sposed ter de smallpox ’demic way
up yonder in Philadelphia, an wuz
danj’us sick, an’ I wuz down here er-
whoopin’ an’ er-bellerin’, an’ my heart
wuz nigh to bustin’, Marse Chilly see
me an’ he say: ‘What in de worl’ is de
matter wid you, Veenie?’ An’ when I
tell him ’bout yo po’ paw, he run his
han’ down in his britches pocket an’
giv’ me de money fer ter sen’ him ter
git treated, and he writ me dat wid dat
dar money, de doctor up dar (doh he
was chock right full ub ’sease), sav’ his

life, an' g'aranteed him so he can't cummunicate nothin'—nothin'—not eben smallpox!

“Den, I raccolac when yo' A'nt dun pass-on, at de 'sylum (she done los' her min', yawl knows, on ole-time 'ligun), he gin me de money ter pay her 'spenses an' ter fotch her po' body home fur ter be buried longst de side ub de Langhorne niggers. But,” said Mammy, “Ize sartin' sho' I done promise ter tell yawl a tale, ain't I chillun?” she asked as she brushed away the tears that always filled her eyes when recalling the kindnesses of Marse Chilly and Miss Nannie.

“Now dis here pitcher is de tressur' ub dis whole mount'in side, chillun, a pitcher fer yawls Maws an' Paws ter

keep ve'y kur-ful, so long as yawls lib, an' dat's er fac'." And after careful and deliberate unwrapping she tenderly lifted from its many folds the picture of her young mistress, of not many years ago, Nancy Langhorne Astor.

"Now onct a year, at de birfday feas' Mammy Veenie gwine 'low you fer ter see an' hol' in yo' own han' de pitcher of my littl' Mistis," she said, shaking her bandannaed head in great reverence, as her eyes dropped affectionately upon the picture. "Dis here is de tressur' dat I hol' closes' ter my heart, glory hallellooyer!—de greates' 'oman dat dun lib sense her Maw, an' ez sho' ez yo' is bawn, ev'y nigger anywhar 'roun' heah is mouty nigh crazy 'bout her.



“Mirador,” the country home of Colonel Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, in
Albermarle County, Virginia.

“An’ always raccolac yo’ Mammy ’longed ter dem Langhorne, and yawl is Langhorne niggers, an’ yawl’s home whar yawl’s raise is Albemarle, whar nobody lib ’cep’n ’ristocrats laik us, you heah? Straighten yosef up dar, you black faced Grober Cleblan’, Chilly Langhorne and Woodrow Wilson! I ’clar, ’pears ter me laik yawl’s got a heap fer ter lib fer ef yawls follows af’er de zample of Mammy’s white folks dat libs ober yonder at Mirador, you ’blege ter look proud laik de earf wuz your’n! Tharfo’, ’tain’t no way fer yawl ter ’scape bein’ de likesomeness an’ bes’ niggers Gawd eber made.” Here Mammy Veenie paused a moment, lost perhaps in the reveries of the many happy days of the past.

“Shucks, go on, Mammy; what else did Miss Nancy done, I lay you know?” queried the enthusiastic Woody Wilson.

“Well,” replied Mammy, “de worl’ is a-callin’ my Miss Nancy ‘Lady Astor’ now, but she wan’t no lady ’twell she ma’ied de lawd frum de tuther side—she wus jes’ plain Nannie Langhorne—howsum-eber, jez ez sho’ly ez yo’ bawn, he’s all right eben ef he done tek her frum all ub us in Albemarle ter his own c’untry by sarcumstance er axerdent. I kin see Miss Nancy now—you know I ain’t neber got use ter gals a-stradlin’ a hors’ an’ ridin’ un-lady laik as dey does, dese heah days, so on one ’casion a hol’ passle ub dese heah gemmuns frum Inglan’ come ober fer ter meet my

Mistus and her chilluns an' see fer deyselves how g-r-a-n' we all's white folks is, an' I wuz 'sirous ub dem makin' de bes' 'pearance possibl', an' knowin' what a mischeevus debil Miss Nancy wuz, I run up ter her room whilst she wuz a-dressin' fer a big fox hunt, an' I say: 'Miss Nancy, when you gets out dar whar all dem furriners is, don' thow yo' leg 'cross ole Tam-O-Shanter, but fer Gawd's sake ride laik a lady what yo' po' Maw dun 'tempted so mons'us hard ter mek' you!' By dis time, she done dress up an' look laik a queen, an' crackin' her whip 'ginst her boots, wid one arm 'roun' me, she say, 'Mammy Veenie, Ize er gwine ter try ter be a lady jes' fer dat!' One ub dem Inglis' gemmans was a-waitin'

ter holp her spring in de saddle, an' to-
gedder rid off wid one foot in de
stirrup an de tuther th'owed 'roun' de
saddle—but does you know, she ain't
no mor'n got ter de big gate, dan dat
gal th'owed her tuther leg ober de
saddle, an' when I seed hur, she wuz
ridin' laik de win', fyarly gallavantin';
an' dem 'habitants frum de tuther
side wuz lef' in de shade, a-ridin ev'y
which er-way. When she cum back,
an' I say, "'pon my word, you ain't
kep' yo' promise ter yo' po' ole Mam-
my', she th'owed her arms 'roun' me
agin an' sed: 'Mammy, I wuz bleeged
fer ter show dem critters, how de gals
in Albemarle ride!' an' tain't nobody
on dis earf dat eber see de sperited
light in dem eyes o'hern dat eber

would git mad with Miss Nancy, doh she don't keep her promise! An' dat's er fac'.

“Den, on one 'casion, when Brud-der Jasper's chu'ch ober dyar couldn't 'ceed in raisin' de money fer ter 'munerate de parson fer his survices, all o'us 'roun' heah in de hollow, wuz pow'ful low 'n' 'nigh 'stressed ter deaf 'cause folks on de mount'in side sho' does lub to 'tend meetin's. De louder he preach do mo' 'scouraged he got, he wuz jes ez pale ez a I'sh 'tater, so he hissef say he would hafter leave, less'n he got mo' money. So dat wuz de reason how-cum dey 'cided ter close de littl' chu'ch, dat had stood so long up dar on de mount'in side, er-carryin' on Gawd's glorious

wu'k. Some o' our good white folks heahd of our trouble and written Miss Nancy 'bout it. Don' you know, back cum er letter by return mail wid a chec' dere-in fer ha'f er Brudder Jasper's survices 'structin' us pintly dat "'ligion an' crops in Albemarle mus' be looked af'er.' De Lawd ain't a-gwin-ter furgit dat, is He, chillun? Glory halleloolyer! She ain't satisfied lookin' af'er her own 'ligion, but she is 'sirous fer ter holp de 'ligion ub her po' ole color'd friends in Virginny. She done dat, she did! How cum dese heah specs o' mine keeps a-gitten wet, Charles Dana Gibson?"

Mammy Veenie still lives in the halo of the golden past, and whenever she is relating these incidents her very

soul seems to feel its echo and its thrill. Before she realized it her soft mellow voice rang out—

“Gawd be wid her twell we meet
ag’in,

When life’s perils thick confounds
her,

Put his lubin’ arms er-roun’ her—

Gawd be wid her twell we meet
ag’in.”

“Jine in de chorus, chilluns, ev’y
one,” she shouted and away they sang—

“Twell we me-e-eet,

’Twell we me-e-eet,

’Twell we meet at Jesus’ feet.”

Over and over again the children’s voices rang out through the valley in tuneful melody as only the Virginia

darkies can sing, in remembrance of their friend and benefactress

“Hit sho is wonderful dat dem Langhorne gals, wid all dey has ter do, fin’s hit cornveyment fer ter ’tinue sendin’ great boxes er warm clo’ses ter dese po’ critters up here in dese col’ mountins,—an’ dem clo’ses is sum’pin’ what you read ’bout! Dey look laik bran new! You always knows when de boxes cum, ’cause ebery nigger, ’mos’ in gin’rel, is ’sirous ub gittin’ ter de meetin’ fus’ fer ter ’zamin’ de ’pearance ub de Langhorne niggers in all dey finery. Hit sho’ mek me proud, whilst we-all’s circulatin’ ’roun’, ter see all de sisters lookin’ er-’roun’ an’ heah de brudder’in whisp’rin’, when we riz, an’ say ‘fer Gawd’s sake look at dem Langhorne niggers!’

“I reckon ole Miss is pow’ful proud dat her chillun is a-follerin’ in her footsteps and carryin’ on her noble wu’k er holpin’ dem what cyan’t holp deysevs, eben ef Sis Mandy done ’peared on de scene, jes’ ’bout de time dey wuz gittin’ ready fer communion, a-w’arin’ one er dem Langhorne hats hind-part-befo’ an’ near brake up de meetin’. I laff so, Ize feared Ize goin’ ter bus’.

“Den af’er Miss Phyllis (she herse’f is one likely gal, an’ is Miss Nancy’s naixt sister), done gon’ ober yondah somewhar, an’ got edgycated fer ter sculpturize—yaw! know dat sculpturize means—fer ter mek sum’pin’ outer nuttin’, she ’structed me fer ter put on my bes’ ap’on an’ dress an’ kerche’f in my han’, an’ my bandanna on my haid

laik I allus w'ar, an' ter expose fer her 'twell she done sculpturize me, a-settin' in one of dem big cheers ober yondah at Mirador. Projec'en wid a ole black nigger laik me!" Here Mammy Veenie burst into one of her old-time laughs, joined by all the pickaninnies, who laughed fit to kill themselves.

"I keep a-askin' Miss Phyllis what some-eber she gwine do wid dat ole black thing? She say she gwine always keep it at Mirador fur de future ginera-shuns. But I dun think and think, an' one night it cum ter me; de war wuz in de midst and Miss Phyllis wuz 'sirous er doin' her bit, so she gwine ship dat ole black thing ober yondah fer ter scare de Germans, for Gawd knows ef dey eber see dat, dey ain't

neber gwine stop runnin'! But I'se still a-settin' ober dyar, in de big hall at Mirador, an' when I done daid an' gone my sperit gwine 'tinue ter watch ober my mistus' gran'chillun an' her great gran'chillun!

"Onct de Langhorne boys, (dey take ar'ter dey Paw), 'come pow'ful intrusted in some game er 'nuther down dyar in Greenwood, and stay out all night long, one night. When I cum in ter git breakfas' naix' mornin' I 'scivered dey beds all made up, a-lookin' spic an' span an' I run up right quick in dey room an' rumple up de beds ter beat de ban', so, when ole Miss cum down, she think dem dar good boys er her'n bin a-sleepin' sweet all-de-night-long, whilst I wuz down in de kitchen dosin'

dem wid bilin' hot coffee to git dem all straiten' out fo' dey kiss dey Maw Good Mornin' (an' I know for sartin dey wuz lookin' pow'ful sheepish, too), an' I mek dem swar fo' Gawd an' Heaben dat dey ain't neber gwine do de laik agi'n! Ole Miss ain't neber know de diffunce, and doh she 'structed me neber ter 'ceive nobody, I done save my ole Miss a heart ache, an' I know Gawd gwine furgin me fer dat 'cepshun,—don' you?

“Dat 'minds me, my ole Cun'l dun tek a cawn-fiel' nigger frum Albemarle ter act ez butler, when he moved ter Richmon', Virginny, fer de winter. He an' Miss Nannie done done dey bes' fer ter train dis heah nigger, so dat, when soeber anyt'ing 'musin' is spoke

ub at de table he mus'n' laff out laik he bus' his sides.

“One day ole Miss wuz 'speckin' some 'stinguich folks frum de Norf, so she took dis heah nigger 'side an' say, 'You mus'n' notice nuttin' dat is spoke at de table, jes' sarv an' try fer ter 'have liak you ain't dyar.' De Cun'l begin one er his bes' jokes, and af'er a-l-l dat trainin' and adminishun, does you kno' dat, dat dar nigger lean ober de Cun'l's shoulder an' say, 'Fer de Lawd's sake, Marse Chilly, don' you tell dat one—I be bleegeed fer ter laff!' A cawnfiel' nigger an' a Langhorne nigger is intirly diff'unt!” she said, scornfully.

“Mammy Veenie, ain't dar gwine be no mo' white folks laik Miss Nannie

an' her Maw?" woefully questioned Nannie Witcher Keen Langhorne Astor Brown (one of Mammy's brag grandchildren).

"P-o-w-e-r-f-u-l doubtful," replied Mammy sadly, "'cause times ain't what dey uster wuz, an' de part whut mek Mammy Veenie so sad is dat yawl and de ginerashun fer ter cum ain't neber gwine know de blessedness uv sarvin' a ole Mistus and a ole Marster laik I done had!

"In all my cyars an' in all my sorrows an' 'sponsibility ole Miss an' de Cun'l is bin my ve'y bes' frien's. Ize ole an' feeble now, but tain't narry one er dem chilluns dat mout call me, but what I'd go at dey beck an' call eben doh I feels mons'us po'ly, an' Ize

gwine 'tinue so-to-do, twell I die. Fer Ize sho', dat, when my fight is done, Ize gwinter git my crown."

"Mammy, does you still lub yo' Miss Nancy?" queried one of the grandchildren. "Lub her?" she said, holding one arm akimbo and the picture still close to her heart, "I reckon I does! Does yawl know who clo'se me, who feed me and who keep me warm all th'u de winter wid all de ice and de snow? Dat ve'y same Miss Nancy. Hit's laik dis: when Miss Nancy ma'ied de lawd an' was a-gittin' ready fer ter go away ter dat fur away c'untry, she done 'structed Mr. Bruce, whar keeps dat store down in Greenwood, fer ter 'vide, fer her ole mammy wid plenty fer-to-eat, an' fer-to-drink and fer-to-

w'ar, an' wood fer ter keep her warm, twell Gabrul blow his trumpit, an' two time ev'y year fer ter sen' de bill ter her in Clivenden Castle, an' does you know, she ain't neber bin too busy or too frustrated wid dem big men an' wimmen-folks ober dar fer ter fergit 'bout dat chec' fer her ole Virginny Mammy? Lawd bless her! An' jes es soon ez Miss Nancy (I be blest ef I kin call my little Mistess de lawd's wife—doh I know she is, of co'se), cum ober ter Mirador, las' time she wuz heah, she tuk an' sarnt fer me ter cum ober dar ter see her, but when I see dat mons'ous big, black thing a-s-i-z-z-i-n-g in de road gallavantin' and carryin on an' dat horn a-blowin' I 'loud I c'u'dn't go!

“‘Pon my word, ez soon ez Miss Nancy heahd dat, she sarnt all ‘roun’ mongst de nabers ‘fo’ she ‘ceed in findin’ a old ker’ige, an’ de fus’ thing I know’d, heah come old Sally mule, jes a-trottin’ up de road, wid dat ker’ige right behin’ her.

“I sort o’ shook an’ trimbled wid’ ‘citement but I ain’ had no time ter spyar, fer Gawd kno’s Mammy Veenie’s heart wuz leepin’ hi’, nigh ter buss’in’, she gwine be wid her white folks onct mor’. Glory halle-lool-yer! White folks understan’s me heap better’n color’d folks, enny-how!

“I kin see her at dis ‘ticular time how she look when she march up de chu’ch yard at ‘Manuel Chu’ch ober dar, right ‘cross frum Mirador, las’

May. De paff wuz littilly strow'd wid flowers an' she an' de lawd walkin' long laik nuttin' happen', whilst ev'y libin' thing in Albemarle county frum one en' plum ter de tuther, wuz dar fer ter meet her an' fer ter greet her an' fer ter crown her de Queen er de May! De trees 'layed dey bloomin' an' de birds all ober de c'untry come down ter sing dey sweetes', cause—don' yawl tell nobody—Miss Nancy is a bird, she done bin one all her life!

“Dear, chilluns, yawl got still anudder thing fer ter be pow'ful proud ub—dat dar chu'ch ober yondah—'Manuel!

“'Manuel wuz a little meezly chu'ch onct, an' arfter ole Miss dun lef' us ter jine de Heabenly th'ong, her chillun 'cided on dat bein' de spot ter buila'



"Ev'y libin' thing in Albermarle County wuz down dar at Manuel Chu'ch
ter meet her an' ter greet her and ter crown her de Queen ob de May!"

hansome chu'ch in mem'ry er dere Maw, an' so dey done it. Some er dese times arfter yo' Mammy Veenie done daid an' gone, reckon some er yawl gran'chillun gwine be 'structed wid de keepin' er dat gran' chu'ch. Spec' 'twill be you, Woody Wilson, fer jes 'ez sho' ez yo' is bawn, I lay yo' Maw done raise yo' fer sum'pin g-r-e-a-t an' g-r-a-n-d, an' whensoever yawl passes 'Manuel don' neber fail ter lif' yo' hat, laik dis, ter de glory er Gawd an' Miss Nannie" (at this point Mammy made a reverent curtsey), "an' when dem sweet chimes rings out thru de valley ov'r Sunday,—

‘Joy to de Worl’

De Lawd is come,’

“I keep on a-lis’nin’, ’cause I thinks

'tiz de voice er my ole Mistis, 'mindin' all er us color'd frien's an' 'quaintance dat dis is Gawd's day.

"Now Ize done heah tell dat my young Mistis still 'tinues politikatin' an' fishatin' an' projeckin' ober dyar in dat furrin c'untry, an' dat some ub dese hi-tone Inglis' gals is a-tryin' dey ve'y bes' ter beather in de 'lecshun. Dey ain' neber gwine 'ceed, cause Gawd, who is a-settin' up yondah in His cheer ub pure gold, done 'zamin' my young Mistis' heart an' done foun' out dat all her life-long, she bin a-keepin' close ter de rule whut her po' mother done 'structed her f'um de great Book whar it say: 'De angel er de Lawd 'campeth 'roun' 'bout dem dat fear Him an' 'livereth dem.'"

“Chilluns, I ain’ no lawyer, but I kno’ I kin argyfy an’ ’splain an’ ’spond ’bout we-all’s white folks, an’ tiz de gorspel truth, ’pear ter me dat some niggers, when dey gits edgy-cated, dey don’ wuk no moh. Dey’ll gin you heap o’ sass an’ jar, and dey jes natchly ain’ got no ’spec fer de white folks, and don’ cyar nuttin’ ’tall ’bout dem, an’ dey is gettin’ wuss an’ wuss!

“Jes hyer an’ dyar you meets one ub’bum ole-time, man’able one laik us Langhorne-niggers! Dey ’sinues lambassin’ us, an’ laff fit ter kill dey-se’ves et de ole time chunes we sings. Dey don’ ’zibit no sense, ’tall. Chillun, yawl cyant git no whar wid dat kin’ er edgycashun ’fo’ Gawd, you

cyant! Dey jes waitin' fer de p'lice-man ter cyar em ter de cage. We-all's thor'gh edgycated, we is, 'rect from we-all's white folks et Mirador. Dey teach us all we 'sire ter kno'—don' dey, Chilly Langhorne?

“An' yo' mammy lub dem so fer dey goodness ter us, dat 'twuz mouty hard ter larn, dat af'er ole Miss lef' us an' Miss Nancy done tuk up wid de Lawd in Inglan', dat de vi'lets and de honeysuckle in Albermarle *could* still bloom jes de same,—doh dey ain' neber smell ez sweet—is day Irene Gibson?

“Somtime I fergits she's gone an' 'spec ter see her mos' enny time, fell sense she's gone 'tain' nuttin' 'tar 'pears 'zac'ly right ter me, not 'cep'n de ole houn' dorg—let 'lone my vittals an' my dram.



Emanuel Church, near Mirador, rebuilt, enlarged and given "To the Glory of God and in Memory of Our Mother" (Nannie Witcher Keene Langhorne)—By her children.

“De ’hole caboodle er niggers an’ white folks ’pear ter be drif’n er-part, ’tain’ right, an ’tain’ gwine tek no scienc’, but common sens’ scienc’ ter git things racconcil’d. Now, list’n chilluns, ef yawl does *yo’* part ter please de white folks an’ be perlite an’ ’spectable, I low, de white folks gwine sho’ly do th’arn by you!

“Now lem-me tell you, dis is yawl’s Mammy’s proph’sy an’ arfter I done daid an’ gone, ef’n yawl don’ ’tend-ter-hit, I sho’ gwine hant you ev’y one. You heah, Keen Langhorne, you heah?

“You see chilluns, in de beginnin’ wuz man, he’s mouty lon’some so Gawd, by some hook er crook, mek a ’oman fer ter help ’im out. Dat how-cum ole Mais’er mek Adam an’ Eve.

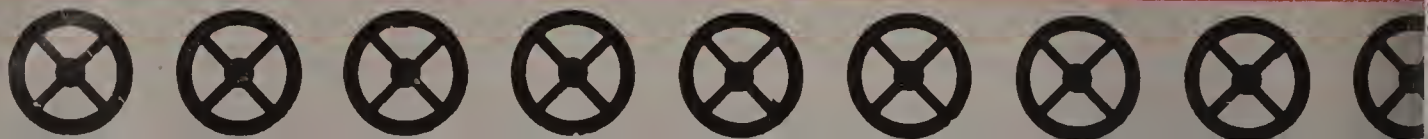
Dey wuz white folks 'zackly laik ole Miss. Den He 'cided dat day mus' have somebody fer ter gin' 'em a lif', now an' den, an holp dem wu'k. En-ter mek de'stingshun betwinst de two (one wuz de Mars'er an' tuther de sarvant), He 'cided dey better'n be diffunt colors—dat's how cum He mek we-all's black, an' de white folks white. He didn' mean nuttin' 'tall by dat an' tain' nuttin' 'tall ter tek no 'cepshun ter is et, Nora Langhorne?

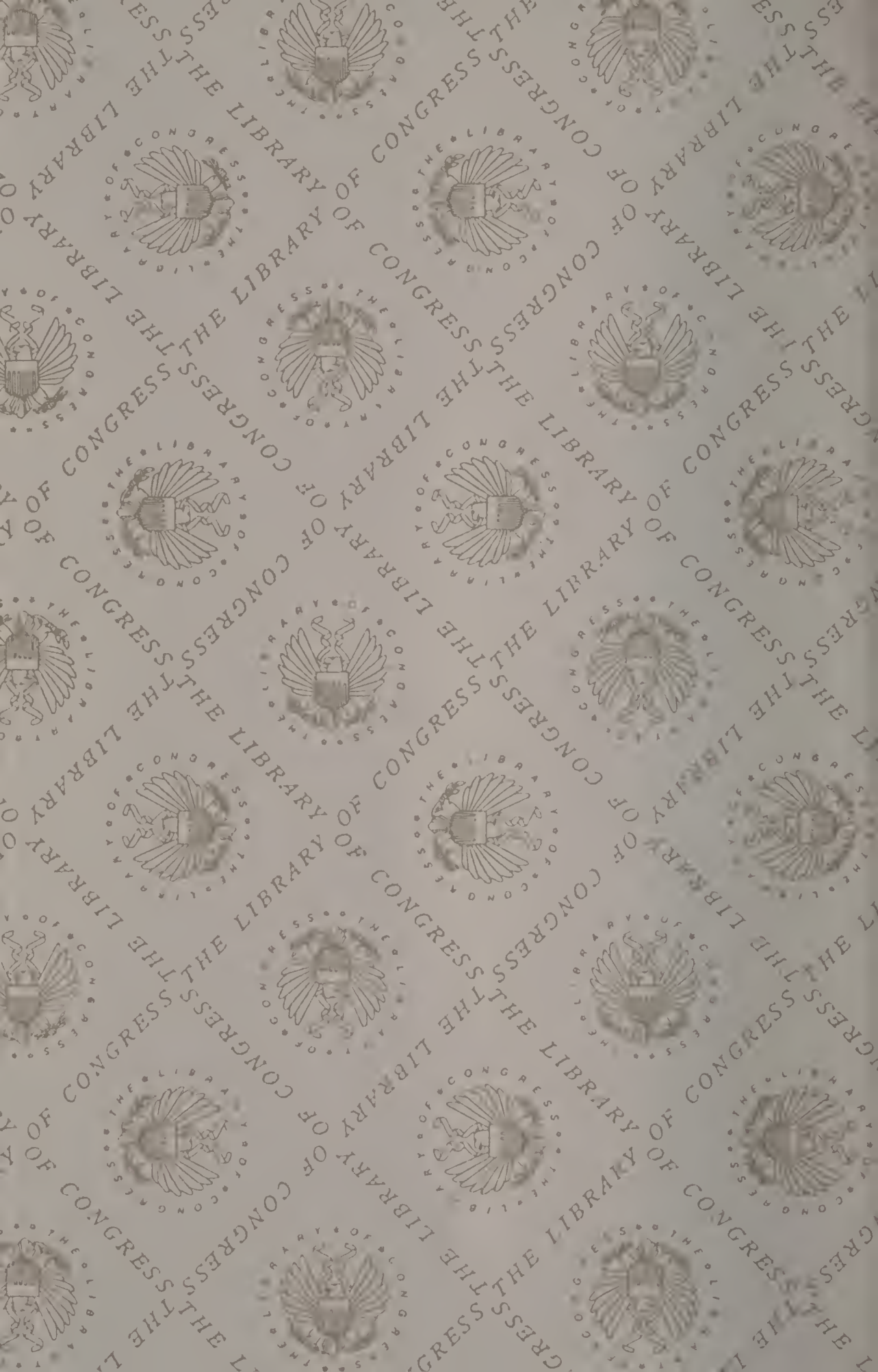
“Den Gawd put in de white folks heart ter be kind ter de black-man an' trus' 'im an' ter treat 'im good—he done it—ole Miss told me so. Now Gawd done put et in de black-man's heart ter 'turn de complement, back, dat's how et 'tiz! Dey 'mind yo'

Mammy er a pyar er Mr. Bruces' scales, down yonder in Greenwood. De two sides wuz made fer ter balance each udder, an', ef dey don' git ter projec'in' wid de 'chinery part er de scales, whar dey don' kno' nuttin' 'tall 'bout, dey gwine 'tinue, balancin' fur-eber'. Dat dey is!"

As the sun went down, and the frogs and crickets began calling, I turned from this little scene of a day forever gone, with a big lump in my throat, longing for the olden days of happy childhood and the ever faithful Virginia Mammy.

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